

## Children's Department.

### OUR LETTER BOX.

*Dear Boys and Girls:*—We publish in this issue a letter from Brother McFaden thanking the children for their liberal response to the call for money to send papers to the missions. We know that the little folks will appreciate this letter and it shows that Brother McFaden appreciates what they have done. The editor received the pictures and they are very nice. We shall try to write something about them and if possible have a cut made for you in the future. Following is the list of names received since last week.

Mary O. Musser, Berlin, Pa.	\$ .10
Earl Musser, " "	.10
Mildred T. Schisler, —, —.	.10
Annie May Hemphill, Downsville, Md.	.10
Guy Ettline, New Paris, Ind.	.10
Ward Schlossnagel, Wooster, O.	.10
Previously acknowledged,	21.75
<b>Total,</b>	<b>\$22.35</b>

### A LETTER FROM OHIOAGO.

*Dear Children:*—I thank you for your efforts in behalf of the Chicago Mission. The EVANGELIST is coming weekly and is doing us much good. And we have to thank your little hands and hearts. And then I desire to thank sister Emma Gnagey. Sister Emma is quite youthful, but she is old in thought and plans of work for Jesus. She is doing a good work for the cause and one of which we all are proud. I trust you will all help her much, for she loves you dearly. Some time I will write you a letter about our boys and girls. I thought I could get you a cut of a picture I have, but I cannot now, so I send the pictures to sister Emma so she can see some of our Chicago children who are readers of the EVANGELIST and *Cheering Words* and *King's Children*. I must tell you about an elephant I saw near the Mission recently. You may have read of her in the papers lately. She is said to have killed twenty men and hurt over a hundred. Her keeper brought her and her baby up the street from the car where she is kept, and stopped her just across from the Mission. But she did not come to the Mission, she came to the beer saloon. Yes, she came up for a drink of beer, and she drank as if she was used to it. What do you think of an elephant drinking beer? I will thank you again for your help and ask God to bless you. Truly your friend,

JOHN DUKE MCFADEN.

*Dear Editor:*—This is my first attempt to write for the children's column. I am twelve years old. I go to school every day. I have not

missed one day yet. My teacher is Ira Holsoapple. I like him pretty well. I go to Sunday-school also but it has closed now. I hope it will open again in the spring. I have a mile and a half to go to school. My father and mother belong to the Brethren Church. We feel rather lost here as we have no preacher. I wish we could have church. I will close by asking a question. What king took Abraham's wife?  
RUTH E. FRY.  
Indiana, Pa.

*Dear Editor:*—This is my first attempt to write for the children's column. I go to Sunday-school almost every Sunday. My teacher's name is Mrs. Sholley. I like her very well. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren Church. We are having a revival now. Brother Furry is preaching. I will answer Lelvin Finley's question. Jesus appeared to Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James and Salome. I will ask a question. How many times was Jesus seen after he arose from the grave? Find enclosed ten cents for the Chicago Mission. I hope this may escape the waste basket.  
VESTA UREY.  
South Bend, Ind.

*Dear Editor:*—This is my first attempt to write for the paper. We have no Sunday-school here now but we have Bible Class every Sunday evening that it is convenient. I go to school every day and I like to go very well. I have two brothers and one sister. My father, one brother and sister belong to the Brethren Church. My mother belongs to the German Baptist. I am twelve years old. Find enclosed ten cents for Chicago Mission.  
WILLIE A. WINE.  
Quicksburg, Va.

*Dear Editor:*—I see so many children sending ten cents for the Missions that I thought I would send ten cents too. My ma and pa and three sisters belong to the Brethren Church. We bought a church house in New Paris and we have church every two weeks. We have no S. S. now. Our pastor is A. S. Menaugh. We like him very well. I attend the M. E. Sunday-school. We will begin our Sunday school in April and then I will go there. I will give ten cents for the Chicago Mission. I am eleven years old. I hope many more little boys and girls will send ten cents for the Missions.  
GUY ETTLINE.  
New Paris, Ind.

*Dear Editor:*—I will write my first letter for the EVANGELIST. I live with my sister in the country. I go to school almost every day. My teacher is Miss Bessie Long. We have no Sunday-school nor church in the winter, but we have S. S. in a schoolhouse in the summer. We have no K. C. I belong to the S. S. C. E. We have had fourteen meetings. I have not missed one. I will answer Pearl Harris' question. Christ brought salvation to the whole world. I send ten cents for Chicago Mission. I am nine years old.  
ANNIE MAY HEMPHILL.  
Downsville, Md.

*Dear Editor:*—I will write and tell you of a sad accident that happened to my very best playmate. He and I were in a corn bin playing. Brother Roy was loading a car out of the bin we were in. We were seeing how far we could get in the corn and get out again. He was in the place where the corn went down the fastest. The sinking corn drew him in and I could not pull him out. We yelled with all our might but the noise of the falling corn was so great that Roy could not hear us. I pulled at him till the corn was about at his shoulders; then I ran down stairs and shut off the corn and told Roy. He ran up

but he was clear under. He told papa and I cried for help and in a short time there were fifty people outside of the elevator. From the top of the car they made large holes in the elevator and let about a load of corn fall out on the ground. Finally they got him out dead. I never felt so bad in my life. Papa wrote to Brother McFaden and told him. He said there were many such cases in Chicago. But they do not sink in corn but in sin. They are pulled down so far that they cannot get back again.  
HARRY R. LIGHTY.  
Carleton, Nebr.

(Your little friend met a very sad death. But, as Brother McFaden has said, it is a far more serious truth that people are sinking in sin. Let us do all that we can for Chicago Mission and thus help to save some.—ED.)

*Dear Editor:*—This is my first letter for the EVANGELIST. I am eight years old. I would like to help a little and so I send ten cents for the Chicago Mission. My papa is the principal of the Vermont school. My teacher is Emma Tingley. I read in the second reader. My papa and mamma belong to the Brethren Church at Lanark. There is no church here. Papa thinks Brother Livengood ought to come and preach for us.  
MILDRED T. SCHISLER.

*Dear Editor:*—We had no school yesterday nor to-day on account of the illness of our teacher. So I will write a letter for the Children's Department. The ground is covered with beautiful snow, and it is not very cold, so we had a fine time coasting this morning. We have organized a King's Children; the meetings are becoming quite interesting. My brother Earl and I will send a dime each for the Chicago Mission. I will answer some of the editor's questions. David was not made king the time he was anointed. He was a shepherd before he left his father's house. He fought with and killed a lion and a bear. I will ask a question. What man's name was changed when he was converted?  
MARY O. MUSSER.  
Berlin, Pa.

(You have answered the questions correctly. Thank you for your dimes.—ED.)

### CLIMBING THE HILL.

This is the season when a great many boys have fine sport coasting. They sometimes climb very high hills, so that they may have a long ride down. What sport that is! But, boys there are other hills to climb. Climbing up a hill is hard work, much harder than sitting on a sled riding down. So there are hills that are climbed only by hard study in school, or by hard work on a farm, in the shop, or somewhere else.

Boys, if you are going to be strong and useful, you will have to climb. You cannot expect to succeed unless you work. You must look ahead and up. Remember the advice of the Indiana poet, James Whitcomb Riley:

"Never look behind, boys,  
Up and on the way!  
Time enough for that, boys,  
On some future day.  
Tho' the way be long, boys,  
Fight it with a will;  
Never stop to look behind  
When climbing up a hill."

—Religious Telescope.